

experience that "father and another man" are quite ready to read, but they want their reading in a different order from the boy. Take, for instance, the subject of Socialism. I have found that a man who will not show the least desire to read about the beginning of "industrial unrest" will eagerly devour any modern book on the subject such as "Christ and Labour" (addresses by eleven Labour Members of Parliament), and will then gradually work backward—the boy will begin at the beginning, and is it any wonder when the beginning happens to be "Piers the Ploughman"?

These are only the merest suggestions, the result of my own very limited experience. The point I want to make is this: it is no use waiting for something to turn up so that we can spread our principles; opportunities are with us always, the maids and men in the house, the gardeners, the game-keepers, the cottage mothers are all waiting for something to read, and many of them know what they want, and it is but a small thing for us to lend our books and to find out where they will be acceptable. I would specially urge that we use our influence in getting the right books read at Mothers' Meetings: the majority of them are keen, intelligent women, and they long for "something that will give us something to think about." I have heard and read such twaddle at Mothers' Meetings that I am moved to speak strongly. Father Stanton read such books as "Adam Bede" and "Nicholas Nickleby" to his mothers, and I know of another Mothers' Meeting where at least one book on social subjects, such as Olive Malvery's "Baby Toilers," is read during a session, and how grateful they are to have their outlook widened. "Tired? yes, Miss, it's been a big wash, but I somehow get through it easier now I have so much to think about. George reads 'The Mother' to me in the evenings, and I picture it all over again to myself and it does help on."

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PAID AGITATOR.

(Concluded.)

This is a consumption case—a "revisit." The husband has been ill for two years. Various charitable ladies have visited the family and left leaflets explaining the importance of fresh air, a dry and healthy dwelling, etc. They would have thought it "pauperising" to give any help freely except such advice, and when the man lost permanent work they moved into the basement to save rent. The Guardians cannot and the charitable agencies will not give relief towards rent. At last he was persuaded to enter the infirmary, and now the woman has been notified to the medical officer as phthisical. I suppose I must leave another leaflet, and at least I will see that the basement is not damp.

We find the family removed: new tenants are installed in the basement. The children are playing in the area yard while the parents "straighten up the place." In the dark corner of this yard lies a mattress, and by it some leather cutting tools, rusting in the mud, and in strange juxtaposition a photo frame. I recognise that this once contained a portrait of Mrs. L.'s little girl who died of measles.

I feel anxious and perturbed. I ask the newcomers what they know of the former tenants' fate. A kindly-looking woman wipes her hands on her apron, interrupting her washing to tell me the little story—how Mr. L. was in the infirmary, and Mrs. L. seemed to fret and get no better, and of how she lost her work. (A lady who used to be kind to her and to employ her went abroad on a long holiday.) How Mrs. L. got behind with her rent, and how the brokers came and took away the "sticks," excepting, of course, Mr. L.'s leather-cutting tools and the bed, which were thrown into the yard, and she told me how Mrs. L. went up to the

workhouse and told her husband, who discharged himself at once, though he "was that bad he could 'ardly drag one foot afore the other," and of how they stood in the area looking at the mattress and the muddy débris hand in hand "in a kind of daze," and of how at last neighbours asked them to come in out of the pouring rain and gave them tea and probably money. (Poor people are very apt to forget the "pauperising" doctrine beloved of the well-to-do and to act instead upon the maxims of a very impractical old Eastern book which enjoins those who have two coats to give to those who have none.)

She tells me too how Mr. and Mrs. L. went off at last hand in hand in the pouring rain, taking with them only the photo of their dead child which Mrs. L. had torn from the frame: but where they had gone, *that* she cannot tell, only she opines that they are "on the road."

So we can do nothing, you nor I, now, but find a place for our own lunch. We had intended to go somewhere rather grand, but somehow we turn into Lyons' instead, and content ourselves with hot milk and oaten biscuits. We are not very chatty together, I fancy, till at last you break the reserve which has fallen upon us.

"Was not Clause 51 of the Insurance Act aimed at similar cases?"

I refrain from comment on the Act, and we converse on other topics, but presently comes another pause—then:

"I wonder where they slept last night," I find myself saying aloud.

"I wonder whether anyone will offer to help them," you are murmuring to yourself.

I explain that unless they can manage with the help of people nearly as poor as themselves, they will hardly get any help at all, for middle-class people would certainly ask for names and addresses, references, last employers, etc., and this they will not give or will give falsely, for their great

fear is the C.O.S. and the workhouse infirmary. They "only want to be let alone," to wander hungry and homeless, "hand in hand," upon the road. Therefore they will at all costs avoid inquiries' bureaux and philanthropic or other officials, and particularly casual wards with their over-straining tasks (often harder than the "hard labour" given in prison), or with the alternative of a doctor's admission order for the dreaded "House."

I will tell you where some of these people "on the road" sleep. You may go to Westminster Abbey and walk through Dean's Yard, past the S.P.G. buildings, and down Tufton Street, look into the cellars there; or go to Chadwick Street, a turning to the right, the doors are open all night, and the tenement occupiers will not "give the dossers away." It used to be the Embankment, and now it is a Tufton Street cellar. There is no great cause for the self-congratulation of Mr. J. B. or for the delight of the journalists. You will say so when you have seen a Tufton Street cellar or a Chadwick Street backyard.

After lunch we inspect the "complaints." The hawkers tell me that they do not store fruit under the bed, and when I innocently inquire concerning the contents of certain very obvious baskets I am told that "they're only some tomaters what 'appened to come up, but there ain't no fruit." I hope they will be duly impressed with the printed and sealed "intimation notice" which I promise them for the morrow.

At No. 3, Paradise Street, we descend the basement stairs to the sound of a pleasant voice singing a song which purports to refute the argument that "two's company but three is none." Each verse ends with—

"With my wife by my side and my child upon my knee,

I say three makes jolly good compan-ee."

The singer, one of our Council's employees, looks sheepish when I enter, and after a few questions wonders who sent me.

"Did you receive any complaint about us, Miss?"

"We never say anything about the complaints we receive," I reply, and then, evasively, "You see, I have to draw up a report about the basements in Livonia Street, and I am naturally anxious to compare those with other basements in the district. Also we want the number of people in the house for statistical purposes."

The street sweeper admits to a wife, four children, an old mother of 68, and a brother invalided home from sea. Two basement rooms; rent, 8s. 6d.

I pause and consider. I know my fellow-employee has 26s. a week—25s. in actual cash. Subtract rent, subtract say 6d. for luxuries (drinks, smokes, and newspapers), his wife must feed and warm eight people on 16s. Of course, poor people want no clothes, having no position to keep up—at least, this is what the classes maintain. He cannot pay more rent—I might agitate for lower rents—municipal rents—or more wages—for the family is overcrowded—at all events, I must report this case, but the man and his wife are not much perturbed when I explain this. They know that nothing will be done. Like Nelson, the public health officials have a right to be blind sometimes.

Now I must meet Miss D., and here you must follow in imagination only, for we could not take an unauthorised visitor into a workshop.

Miss D. asks me to mount guard on the stairs, and count the runaways while she counts the girls in the workrooms. As we suspected, the premises are again grossly overcrowded. This will mean a summons and a day or two for us at the Police Court.

As we go away Miss D. speaks to a respectable-looking woman with anxiously wistful brown eyes. She is apparently some sort of forewoman, for she is seated on the landing as if watching the exits and entrances from and to the workrooms. The workroom door is ajar. Miss D. asks about whitewashing, sanitary matters, and conditions generally.

"Oh, yes, very good; all very nice and clean; very good indeed," says the woman in a loud, clear voice.

"And the girls have sufficient time for meals?"

"Oh, yes—in fact, they have plenty of time; quite so, quite all right," says the woman again. Then, with a quick, furtive glance she catches hold of Miss D.'s arm, and, with a dramatic gesture: "Look after them—for God's sake, look after them," she whispers, and almost in the same breath but in the previous loud tone she adds, "And the place is whitewashed twice a year. It is kept very clean, is it not?"

"What am I to look after?" whispers Miss D. "I am already after them for overcrowding."

The woman ejaculates a few more cheerful "All right's" and "Quite so's," and then whispers, "Everything. We've been here nearly all night—and those young girls—"

The tears well up into her brown eyes, and she checks herself as a man comes out of the workroom, and with a discreet "Good afternoon" we go downstairs.

I had meant to tell you about Livonia Street and the house-to-house inspection, but space does not permit. I should just like to mention that there is a danger that house-to-house work may be taken out of the hands of women inspectors and put entirely into the hands of the men tenement inspectors. Men *cannot* get the same access to family living-rooms, and there is so much to be done both in the direction of instructing and helping tenants and in serving cleansing notices on landlords.

Does it not seem absurd that while a woman's workshop is (rightly) inspected by a woman, yet the woman's home is inspected by a man?

I have not touched either on the "baby" work. I am not doing this at Westminster, but I had charge of a milk clinic at Holborn and came to the conclusion that there should be municipal milk free to nursing mothers, and also milk for

bottle-fed babies. Many infant lives were saved by the Holborn milk.

I have not had a large experience with outworkers, as I have worked so much in the metropolis and seen more of factory than of home workers. I also did "Food and Drugs" at Holborn, and hated doing it, for I felt such a sneak, as schoolboys say; but still, this sample taking does at least lead to the discovery of many cases of adulteration, and if no woman were ever employed as Food and Drugs Inspector some shopkeepers might feel that they could cheat women customers with impunity.

But looking back upon my work as a whole, in spite of the black days, the general impression is one that tends towards optimism. Humanity in the form of law-makers and law-breakers seems more good than bad. Even the law-makers have their good points. The Sanitary Inspector begins to wonder when she hears a street in her district described as "one of the worst in London," and remembers the many good and true people to be found in such a street, whether humanity can be so bad as it is painted. This does not make her less eager for social reform, but rather more—for she feels that the people often classed as the "lowest of the low" and "the scum of the earth" are as well worth saving as any others, and that the evils which stalk among them are rather symptoms of a functional derangement in the body politic than proofs of organic disease in the affected members.

The starveling woman revolutionist coming face to face with Marie Antoinette and finding her tenderly clasping her children and bravely ready to defend them was fain to say in self-exculpation: "I never knew you were like this," and so also might the fair and flourishing members of society if brought into more real and personal contact with the denizens of the slums in some happier form of society be constrained to cry with Miranda—

"Oh, brave new world that hath such people in it."

KENT COAL.

"Kent is famous for hops and cherries." So our geography books tell us. In future a third production of this county must be added to these two. Anyone visiting the south-east corner of Kent, or merely travelling down to Dover by the S.E. and Chatham line, may notice the tall chimneys, red brick buildings, and other erections necessary for the working of coal mines. A great change has taken place in this part of Kent during the last few years, and is still taking place to-day. Who would ever have thought that down beneath the white chalk, at a depth of 1,200 feet, coal measures were to be found. This fact was first suspected about fifty years ago, when the S.E. Railway was built and a tunnel cut at Shepherdswell, near Dover. These measures are an offshoot of the great coalfield which begins in Pembrokeshire, and runs from South Wales, through Somerset, occurring again at the Pas de Calais and in Westphalia, and ending finally in the great Baku Oilfield. In 1891 a boring taken between Ropersole and Lydden proved the existence of coal there, but the colliery unfortunately had a sad end owing to lack of funds for working it. Since then coal has been worked at Dover, but there water has been a serious obstacle. It was not until recently, after the Kent Coal Concessions was formed in 1904, that borings were taken at many other places, e.g., Waldershare, Goodnestone, Woodnesborough, Wingham, Snowdown, and Barfreton, and several good seams of coal were discovered. It is six years since the first sod was dug at the Snowdown Colliery, which stands near the railway line about halfway between Dover and Canterbury. After all these years of hard work in sinking shafts, working gradually down through chalk, clay, green sand, and rock, with many difficulties to contend with on account of underground streams when pumps had to be kept working night and day until the iron bands which keep the water out of the shaft were fixed

in—at length the coal measures were reached, and the first coal was brought to light last November. A great day it was, alike for those who had worked so hard to get to it as also for all shareholders and persons concerned; and there was quite a little ceremony at the raising of the first hoppitful. The hoppit is a sort of large iron bucket used for taking anything up or down the shaft; about six men can stand in it. Seven thin seams of coal were passed through, until the "Beresford Seam," as it is called, was reached at a depth of 1,490 feet. This seam, which is nearly five feet thick, is now being worked, and tons of coal are brought up daily, put on the market, and being sold at a large profit. Nearly everyone agrees as to the good qualities and actual value of this coal. It is of rather a tarry nature, soft and crumbly, and apt to form into a cake when burnt. Its use is being tested in gas works, and has been proved at a large electric power station. For a household coal my own experience of it is that, unless used together with other coal or wood, it needs frequent stoking to prevent the fire from going to sleep; but it gives out a good amount of heat and is economical. At the Tilmanstone Colliery coal has also been reached quite lately. At one of the borings the best sort of smokeless steam coal is said to have been found. A special feature of the Kent coal is the presence of valuable fire clay underneath the coal seams.

The whole aspect of the country is rapidly becoming altered, for it has now been found necessary to build light railways, joining up the works one with another and with the main line. This is quite an extensive labour, stretching over miles of land. Besides this, cottages have had to be built, and many more are being put up, for the miners. Several small hamlets have sprung up near the collieries. Some of the cottages look quite attractive with gables, wooden beams, and plaster work or red tiles, and I believe they mostly contain a bathroom. Now this is looking only at the change that has come over the outward appearance of the country.

but a great change is also taking place in the lives of the people of East Kent, as a result of finding coal in these parts. In almost every way it has been a vast boon to the neighbourhood, chiefly perhaps by bringing employment. Though one is sorry to see the hideous chimneys with their clouds of smoke disfiguring the landscape, one cannot altogether regret the discovery of the coal which has brought prosperity to so many. It would be hard to find a genuine unemployed about here now. Farmers are beginning to find a difficulty in getting labourers to work for them. Many boys and young men have left their former employment in garden and field to obtain work at one of the collieries, where they can get a higher wage. Eventually this will probably lead to an increase of wage all round.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

At a time when society was undergoing a marked change Ludwig van Beethoven was born, and was destined to introduce an entirely new era in the history of music. He was born at Bonn in 1770, where both his father and grandfather held musical posts. His parents were poor, and his early life was rough and comfortless owing to the drunkenness and excesses of his father, from whom he received musical instruction, until Neefe, the organist of the Court Chapel, taught him to play the organ. He made such rapid progress that he was soon able to act as substitute in his master's absence. At the age of 12 the post of "cymbalist" in the theatre orchestra was given to him, and this proved of great advantage to him in later years, as he took part in the production of all the most successful operas and thereby acquired much useful experience. When 17 years of age he managed to go to Vienna, where he met Mozart, who was struck by his genius and gave him some lessons.

He seems to have found friends among influential people, men and women, who stood by him in spite of his extra-

ordinary behaviour. Rank and birth were nothing to him, and he always fought against common conventionalities. One day, when playing to a party of aristocratic people, he flew into a violent passion because some did not cease talking, and declared he "would play no more to such hogs."

Beethoven was unlike Mozart in every way. To begin with he made no public appearance of any note until he was 25, when he played at a concert given by Mozart's widow. It was not until he was nearly 30 that he produced his first Symphony, and even then the style of his later works was not fully developed. Mozart produced works of all kinds at a tremendous rate, and sometimes wrote while joining in the conversation of those around him. But Beethoven liked to roam about the countryside, note-book in hand, where he seemed as one inspired, and the ideas he received were noted down and elaborated and polished later, sometimes not until years afterwards. When he was in this condition he became much excited and would stamp about, shouting short passages that passed through his brain, would lose all count of time, and eventually come to himself to find his hair dishevelled, clothes disarranged, and his meals and engagements forgotten. Beethoven considered his art as a divine gift, and would never, even in the hour of actual want, dishonour it by writing anything less than his best to please the public or to gain money.

He worked extremely hard, especially when he realised that eventually he was to be afflicted with deafness, but he spent infinite care on the minutest details and would sometimes re-write a single passage as often as twenty times. It is strange to find a person so scrupulous about his work and yet so utterly careless about everything else. Sometimes he would forget to eat his dinner, forget to wash, forget he had engaged rooms to live in, that he had a horse which, of course, would need to be fed, his engagements, his friends—everything but his music, to which he devoted all his energies.

At first Beethoven was not entirely successful in opera,

first, because his works were too long; second, because his music was much beyond the comprehension of any but a chosen few. He would not follow the example of composers before him who were satisfied with words, however foolish, but always combined sound words with good music. He gave a new tone to church music, which had become frivolous and unworthy, and produced finer masses than any composer before him.

We cannot think of Beethoven's affliction, surely the greatest any man with his gift could be called upon to bear, without feeling the deepest admiration for the courageous manner in which he strove to rise above it. He still spent much of his time composing and reading both music and literature, but what torture he must have suffered never to hear either his own works or those of others! The end of his life was extremely sad. He had gone with his nephew, whom he had adopted and loved as his own son, to stay with a brother, but not being kindly treated, he decided to return to Vienna. It was impossible to procure a closed vehicle, and as the weather was cold, he caught a chill, which developed into inflammation of the lungs.

This was the beginning of a long and weary illness, which ended on March 26th, 1827. The funeral took place on the 29th, attended by enormous crowds of people mourning in earnest, and every possible token was given to show how much he was admired.

M. BAINES.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF SOME BASILICAN CHURCHES.

It was easy to find pictures to illustrate those chapters in Waterhouse's "Architecture" which dealt with Egyptian, Greek, and Roman buildings, temples, tombs, etc., but I found it very difficult to procure drawings of the early Basilican churches which are mentioned in this term's work.